Quality has no substitute

Tea *"fresh from the gardens"*

ADMIT ONE

BY SIDNEY HORLER.

SYNOPSIS

When Philip Crane, a young aeroplane designer arrives in London on a holiday, through a coincidence of like names, he is taken for the Crook Crane, who is a tool of a band ruled by a mysterious "Empress."

He rescues Margery Ferguson and takes her to a convent. He then goes to Mandling in Kent to rescue her father. Meanwhile, Charles Whittle, an American detective, is trailing a band of forgers. By close confinement The Empress hopes to bend Ferguson's will to her own. In the meantime Philip Crane arrives at Mrs. Hamble's Inn and while reconnoitering comes to blows with an unknown assailant.

CHAPTER X.—(Cont'd.)

That was sufficient. Blow after blow Philip rained at the whitish blob which he knew must be the other man's face. He heard the other beginning to breath stertorously—this was heavy going for a man of his weight. Then, with a superhuman effort, he struggled free, and, with a last, final spending of strength, swung a terrible blow. His opponent, who had risen gaspingly to his feet, went down with a thud—and, once down, stayed there.

Pausing only sufficiently long to regain his breath, Philip bent over the prostrate body. But the darkness was still so intense that he had to stroke a match.

Whilst he shielded the flame with one hand cupped, he muttered in astonishment; the man he had knocked out was the fellow who had shadowed him in London the night before, and who, when challenged, had turned away with some paltry excuse.

Who was he? And what was he doing here? One or two things suggested itself; either he was an outpost of the gang in the house, or, he had been watching the residence for a purpose akin to his own.

For a moment he was afraid that he might have killed the man. The word "murder" rose up before him in all its grisly suggestiveness; but, as he started to fumble with the other's waistcoat, with a view to ascertaining if his heart was still beating, the patient groaned.

Philip's sense of thankfulness was quickly cut short. From the house behind him, came a low, quivering cry of horror; a sound that might have been wrung from a man tight-gripped by a terrible fear—or, again, from one whose resistance had been worn down by physical torture.

Philip halted between two purposes. Should he wait for the fellow he had knocked out to recover consciousness, or should he risk everything in order to endeavor to get into the house? That cry might have been forced from the lips of the girl's father. He recalled the struggle he had seen in the upstairs room not long before, and was able to imagine something of what was occurring. The captive, perhaps, had made a desperate bid for freedom, had been overcome, knocked senseless, and, when he recovered consciousness, had been put to some kind of torture. Heavens! He couldn't stand by and allow that to go on.

Yet, as he started forward he heard his patient move. His first duty, it now seemed, was to him. Perhaps he could get some valuable information from him.

He struck another match, and, by its light was able to see the man sitting up rubbing his face ruefully.

The next second, the light from an electric torch flashed full in his own face.

"Oh, it's you!" he heard; "young fellow, your punch is like a mule's kick. If my jaw isn't fractured in two places then I'm a lucky devil! What in the hell made you start that fracas, anyway?"

Crane took his time in replying. All things considered, the other's tone was surprisingly good-tempered; but this generosity of spirit might be merely a blind in order to try to put him off his guard.

"Who are you?" he asked curtly; "and what are you doing here?"

The man addressed, rising lumberingly to his feet, chuckled.

"I might put the same questions," he said; "in fact, I might ask you a great deal more than that."

"Well, you won't get anything out of me, however long you take. Look here," continued Crane, feeling somehow, that he was being made to look a fool; "I want to know why you were following me about London last night."

The answer came with surprising quickness.

"Because I thought you were somebody else."

"An American crook named Philip Crane?" was the query.

"Say, young fellow, you seem to know a thing or two."

"I shouldn't be surprised." Two could play at this bluffing game. "You've not told me yet what you're doing here tonight," he persisted.

The man holding the torch seemed about to reply, when an astonishing thing happened: from the roof of "The White House" came a blinding glare.

"Hell's bells!" Philip heard his companion exclain: "a searchlight! They're leaving nothing to chance!"

CHAPTER XI.

"Quick! Flat on your stomach!"

Recognizing a leader's voice, Crane obeyed the injunction instantly.

"They may have seen us, but I don't think so," he heard the American say; "we were standing in this bit of woodland, remember. They've pinched that stunt from the gangsters. I wonder what's the idea?"

By this time Crane had some to the realization that the man by his side was more a friend than an enemy. Of course, much remained to be explained; but, if the other was speaking the truth, he could not be regarded as a hostile force.

He did a little talking himself now.

"Sorry I had to knock you down," he said. "I thought you were a man from the house sent out to spy."

"Not on your life," was the emphatic reply. "I'm a detective sent over from New York to make certain enquiries. And you?"

"My name really is Philip Crane, but I'm not a crook. I'm just an aeroplane designer come up from Cornwall for a holiday in London."

"Well, the rest can wait. We shall have a chance for a longer chat later on."

Crane was impatient.

"Look here," he said. "Is there any chance of getting into that house tonight?"

"Not if you want to remain alive, I should say."

"That be damned! There's a man in there who's being tortured—I heard him scream just now."

With the end of the sentence, the glare of the searchlight, after taking another long sweep, died down. Darkness encompassed them again.

"I feel exactly like you do, young man," said the detective after a pause, "and, unless I'm wrong in my guess, I have just as much interest in what's going on here as you; but that searchlight shows they're on the watch. We must be careful."

Crane's blood was up.

"Careful! When a man is possibly being murdered!"

He felt a restraining hand on his shoulder.

"Easy there; if you'd been in the crime racket as long as I have, you'd know that nothing can be done impulsively. Are you staying in the neighborhood?" the speaker broke off to ask.

"Yes. At a pub called 'The Jolly Sailor'."

"That's my hang-out, too. I was told about it, and hoped to get fixed up tonight. In the meantime, I left my traps at the Station. I'll tell you what, Chane: You just slip off to 'The Jolly Sailor' and wait for me there."

"No fear! If you're going to start anything, I'm with you."

"Hist!" came a sharp warning from the older man. "I thought I saw someone moving over there."

"So much the better," was Crane's determined reply; "let's get at 'em. What we want is information—the best way to get in."

"You bloodthirsty Englishman! All right; I'm game if you are. Follow me, and keep closely in touch."

They had covered a hundred yards or so—a distance which, to Crane, had taken on the magnitude of at least half a mile—when the American in front came to a stop.

"I must have been mistaken," he said; "and yet—I could have sworn I saw two figures standing just about here."

"Let's stop this foolery," said Crane crisply. "I'm going to get into that house; you can come if you like—if not, I'm going alone."

He turned away before the other man could catch his arm, and, breaking into a run, disappeared into the darkness. His spirit was roused, and nothing, he determined, should stand in his way. That scream. . . .

Racing with head down, he was suddenly pulled up with a painful jerk. Then, he had a vivid sense of pleasure; the obstacle into which he had run was a huge gate that seemed to be composed of two parts. This, he decided, after a closer examination, was the means by which cars entered and left the grounds.

But, like the wall in front of "The White House," it was ornamented with deep spikes, and it would be a difficult job to clamber over them. Still, this represented an easier method of entry than the wall, and, putting his left foot on a raised piece of woodwork, he started to climb.

The next moment, however, he felt himself being jerked backwards, and, after the first bewildering surprise, he realized that the gates were opening outwards. He had to scramble quickly away to avoid being brushed aside as he lay on the ground.

Making no noise, he waited a development. This came in the form of a powerful motor car, which swept through the gate at a rapid pace.

Now was his chance! He listened anxiously for the voice of men, but none had come. This meant, he decided, that the gate was controlled by means of some mechanical device—probably electric, and operated either from the house or the garage.

He got in just in time. The gates swung backwards at such a rapid pace that he was almost swept off his feet for the second time.

(To be continued.)

Snubbed

A young woman went into a bank to have a cheque cashed.

"But, miss," the clerk told her, "you will have to get someone to introduce you before I can pay you the money on this cheque."

She stared at him disdainfully.

"Sir," she said, haughtily, "I wish you to understand that I am here strictly on business. I am not making a social call. I do not care to know you."

An Analogy

"Maybe the railroads need higher rates, but $10 tickets didn't save the theatres when movies began to take the business."—M. A. Hurley.

"This fellow thinks he can sing like Caruso." "Well, they do say as 'ow Caruso had a beautiful voice, but 'ow could they know with him stranded on that island with nobody to hear him but Friday?"

We judge ourselves by what we feel capable of doing, while others judge us by what we have already done.—H. W. Longfellow.

Birth of Modern Era To Be Shown In England

Celebrated Relics Obtained—King's Robe and Wm. Penn Charters on Exhibit List

London.—A comprehensive survey of the period which is generallly regarded as being the beginning of modern England—the latter half of the reign of Charles II.—will be embodied in an exhibition to be held in London from January to March.

It is intended to collect as many exhibits as possible to illustrate the life of the King and his court, the campaign of Worcester, the arts of the period and the beginning of science, together with portraits of and by famous characters of the reign.

Famous Relics Loaned.

Loans are being made from private English collections to make the survey a success.

The Hudson Bay Company, which received a charter from Charles II. in 1670, and was inaugurated by James, Duke of York, and Prince Rupert, is lending ledgers and journals containing the royal stamp, and these will throw light on some of the customs of the time. For example, the sale of furs by auction was not in those days carried out under the hammer. A length of candle was burnt, and when the last flicker guttered out the fur was sold.

The Duke of Devonshire is lending part of his valuable collection of silver from Chatsworth House, Derbyshire, while the Duke of Portland is temporarilly depriving Welbeck Abbey of a silver gilt toilet set and other fine pieces.

Society of Friends Contributes

Many heirlooms are loaned by City Companies and the Middle Temple. The Society of Friends is sending some interesting charters which once were in the possession of the founder, William Penn. These charters have Indian totem marks on them, which are regarded as proof of the early trade with the American Indians.

While few authentic articles of clothing of the Restoration period remain, the robe of Charles II. will be on view. In the jewelry section the diamond and black enamel ear-rings which were once the property of Nell Gwynne, "Sweet Nell of Old Drury," will be displayed.

Relics of the Battle of Worcester are coming from the Channel Islands, where Charles took refuge after his defeat by Cromwell.

The portrait of Samuel Pepys, one of the most famous characters of the period, will adorn one important spot, and a letter written to his almost equally famous diarist and contemporary, John Evelyn, also will be shown.

Control of Grasshoppers

Next summer's grasshoppers are being fought this winter by the United States Bureau of Entomology, says the American Association for the Advancement of Science. A survey is now in progress n the 'hopper country; this will be completed soon, and it will then be known what steps will be needed to prevent a serious outbreak in the West and Northwest next summer. The normal method of stopping an outbreak of grasshoppers is to distribute baits of arsenic-poisoned bran where the young insects crawl in the thickets before they get their wings and move over a wide territory. The present survey should show where it will be necessary for private owners and State authorities to lay in larger supplies of the munitions of chemical warfare.

Prince George Visits Mines

Prince George (left), brother of the Prince of Wales, is just as thorough as his elder brother. He is shown here in a miner's garb during his recent tour of South Wales coal fields.

Royal Bank of Canada Issues Strong Report

Profits at $5,448,327 fully cover regular dividends and usual appropriations—Total assets stand at over $825,000,000—Liquid position well maintained, quickly available assets totalling $348,630,551.

Further striking evidence of the unusual strength of the Canadian banking system and the rapidity with which it has been possible for leading Canadian banks to meet the changed conditions is afforded by the annual statement of The Royal Bank of Canada. The report, which is now going forward to shareholders, is for the fiscal year ending November 30th.

With the large resources at its disposal, the Bank has been able to readily adjust itself to the new conditions and at the same time maintain its characteristically strong liquid position.

With the less active trade conditions, the general business of the Bank, as represented by commercial loans, was on a smaller scale, but shareholders will be gratified in finding that profits were more than sufficient to permit of payment of the regular dividend at the rate of 12 per cent. and, in addition, to take care of all the usual appropriations, including $600,000 set aside for Dominion Government taxes.

Assets Well Maintained

The general statement of assets and liabilities shows total assets in excess of $825,000,000, a reduction of only about 7 per cent. as compared with the amount reported at the end of the previous year. In the light of lower commodity prices and general slackening of activity, the maintenance of total assets at such a high level should be regarded as a remarkably good showing. In keeping with its policy, the Bank's liquid position, as usual, is a strong one, liquid assets totalling $348,630,551, or over 48 per cent. of liabilities to the public. The principal accounts included among them are cash items of $150,286,891; Dominion and Provincial Government securities of $85,473,058 and Canadian municipal and British, foreign and colonial public securities of $24,641,816. Call loans total $76,293,380 and naturally represent a substantial reduction for the year, those in Canada being down $18,847,955 or 33 per cent., and those abroad over $7,000,000.

The generally lessened business activity is further reflected in commercial loans, which are $419,345,043, as compared with $444,815,877 a year ago. Letters of credit also show a reduction — nearly $10,000,000 — obviously due to curtailed international trade.

Total deposits stand at $647,303,075, as against $ 95,589,060 at the end of the 1930 year. The decline, as is well known, has been principally in deposits elsewhere than in Canada, those in the Dominion being down only $7,160,000, and now amount to $479,165,064, as against $486,325,264.

Satisfactory Profits

The many shareholders of the Bank will be particularly interested in the profit and loss account, and the showing made should be regarded as very satisfactory. Profits for the year amounted to $5,448,327, and these added to the amount brought forward from the preceding year brought the total available for distribution up to $9,555,105. Payment of the usual 12 per cent. dividend absorbed $4,200,000; a contribution of $200,000 was made to Officers' Pension Fund; the usual amount of $400,000 was appropriated for bank premises and ,000,000 was allotted for Dominion Government taxes. After meeting all these charges the substantial amount of $4,155,105 was carried forward to credit of profit and loss into the next fiscal year.

The report will be submitted to shareholders at the annual meeting to be held at the Head Office of the Bank on Thursday, January 14th.

Revival of Classics Noted in Britain

Trend of Literature Running to Nineteenth Century Novels

London.—According to statistics of trade amongst the booksellers, the nineteenth century novel is again coming into favor. A small boom is reported in the sale of Waverley novels; perhaps this is prompted by the approaching celebration of the Walter Scott centenary.

The conjecture is offered that this revival of the British classics is due, in part at least, to the fact that young scholars of to-day are not compelled to read them as school tasks. The Morning Post remarks that by schools going off the classics standard, so to speak, literary merit, like the pound sterling, may be finding its true level.

Present indications are, adds the Morning Post, that Meredith, George Eliot, and even Stevenson are still in eclipse, though its own belief is that George Eliot, and certainly Stevenson, are being re-read by their admirers much more frequently than sales of new editions would suggest. As for Thackeray, he has always enjoyed a steady circulation in a rather select circle. Dickens, on the other hand, appears to lose ground in one place only to burst into renewed popularity in another. It would be very interesting to know whether his "Christmas Carol" is read as often at this season of the year as it used to be.

London booksellers agree that amongst authors still happily with us, none has more consistently kept his public for 40 years than Kipling.

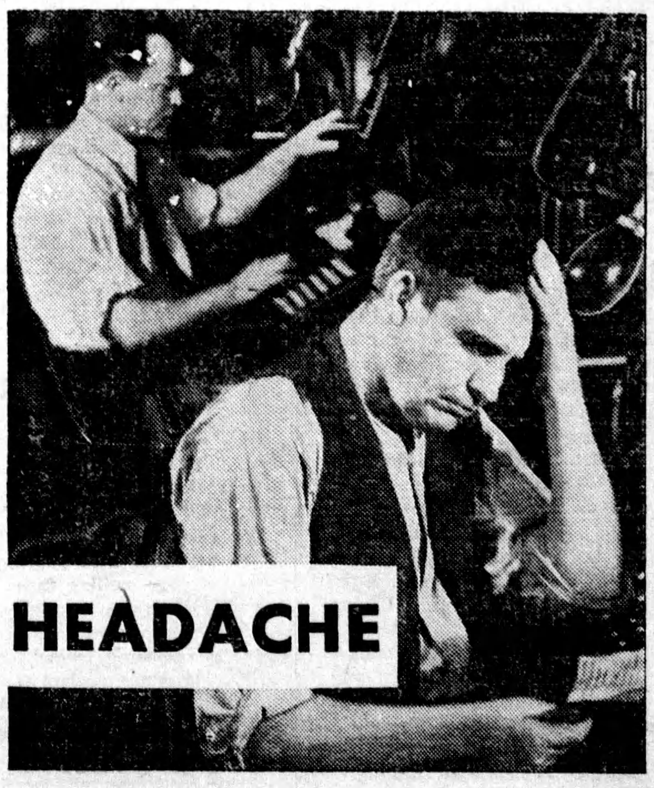
Hurt Not the Spirit.

Hurt not the spirit of your friend
By the uncharitable thought;
Though sired in secret it is caught
In air and seeks its journey's end.

Round all the world it cries through space
Too quieted for mortal mind;
Yet at some hour shall you not find
It peering from your comrade's face?

—William Soutar, in the Glasgow Herald.

Silence is a true friend who never betrays.—Confucius.



Nerves on edge. A head that throbs. You can't stop work, but you *can* stop the pain—in a hurry. Aspirin will do it every time. Take two or three tablets, a swallow of water, and you're soon comfortable. There's nothing half-way about the action of Aspirin. You will always get complete relief when you take these tables.

These tablets should be in every shop, office, and home. Ready to relieve any sudden ache or pain, from a grumbling tooth to lumbago. Don't suffer with that neuralgia, neuritis, rheumatism, etc.; or lose any time because of colds or sore throat. Get some Aspirin and just follow those *proven* directions for instant relief.

Aspirin tablets cost very little, especially if you buy them by the bottle. Any doctor will tell you they are harmless. They don't hurt the heart. They don't upset the stomach. So take them as often as you have the least need of their quick comfort. Take enough for complete results. On sale at drug stores everywhere. Made in Canada.

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